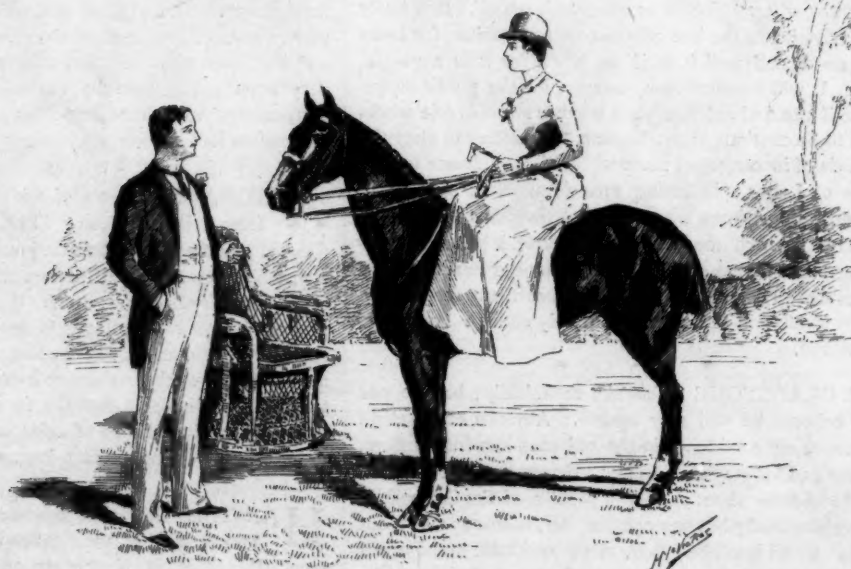


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AMERICAN SVN

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UNINTENTIONAL.

Fond Husband: IT'S A SHAME YOUR HOUSEHOLD DUTIES PREVENT YOUR RIDING MORE. I'LL GET A HOUSEKEEPER.

Wife (who considers herself a financier): BUT, MY DEAR, CAN YOU AFFORD IT?

Fond Husband: OH, YES. SHE WOULD PAY FOR HERSELF TWICE OVER.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

"**S**TRIKE till the last armed foe expires!" cried Marco Bozzaris, in the poem. The New York street car employees are less limited in their aspirations than the gallant Greek. They strike when there is no foe, armed or otherwise, to encounter; and, having no just occasion, they seem not to know where to begin or when to leave off. It is likely that we have heard the last of street railroad strikes for some time to come, and well it is if we have, for it is a painful subject. It will be some compensation for the public inconvenience if the fizzle of last week teaches some of the workmen to be cautious about binding themselves to obey the commands of incompetent leaders. The only chance for the Knights of Labor is in having men of unusual sagacity in command. Sometimes when Mr. Powderly has been to the fore, and has shown unexpected good sense, it has seemed as if he might save his associates. But that hope grows constantly more feeble. The Knights of Labor have many responsible positions to fill, and there are not nearly enough Powderlys to go around.

MR. GLADSTONE is beaten, technically; but no one believes he will stay beaten. America and Ireland have a touching confidence in the old man—in his wisdom, his power and his staying qualities. However Americans are opposed and differ about their own politics, of English politics they have practically but one opinion. Mr. Blaine speaks it out at Portland, and it is likely that, in private talk, Mr. Bayard utters it at Washington. Our hopeful country is practically unanimous for Home Rule, and that—not that we love England less or Ireland more, but because to the republican mind it seems best for both of them.

DR. WATSON, of Jersey City, has been strongly urged by his neighbors and the police to stop murdering dogs in the interest of science. Dr. Watson is the medical adviser of a railroad, and is naturally interested in finding out what degrees of concussion a healthy animal can survive. The public would be glad to have him know, but his device

of dropping dogs from different heights upon different surfaces is too cruel. We humane Americans do not treat Chinamen so ill as that, much less dogs. If Dr. Watson wishes to continue his experiments let him collect an assortment of anarchists and practice on them. By that means he can elucidate his theories while doing the State a service.

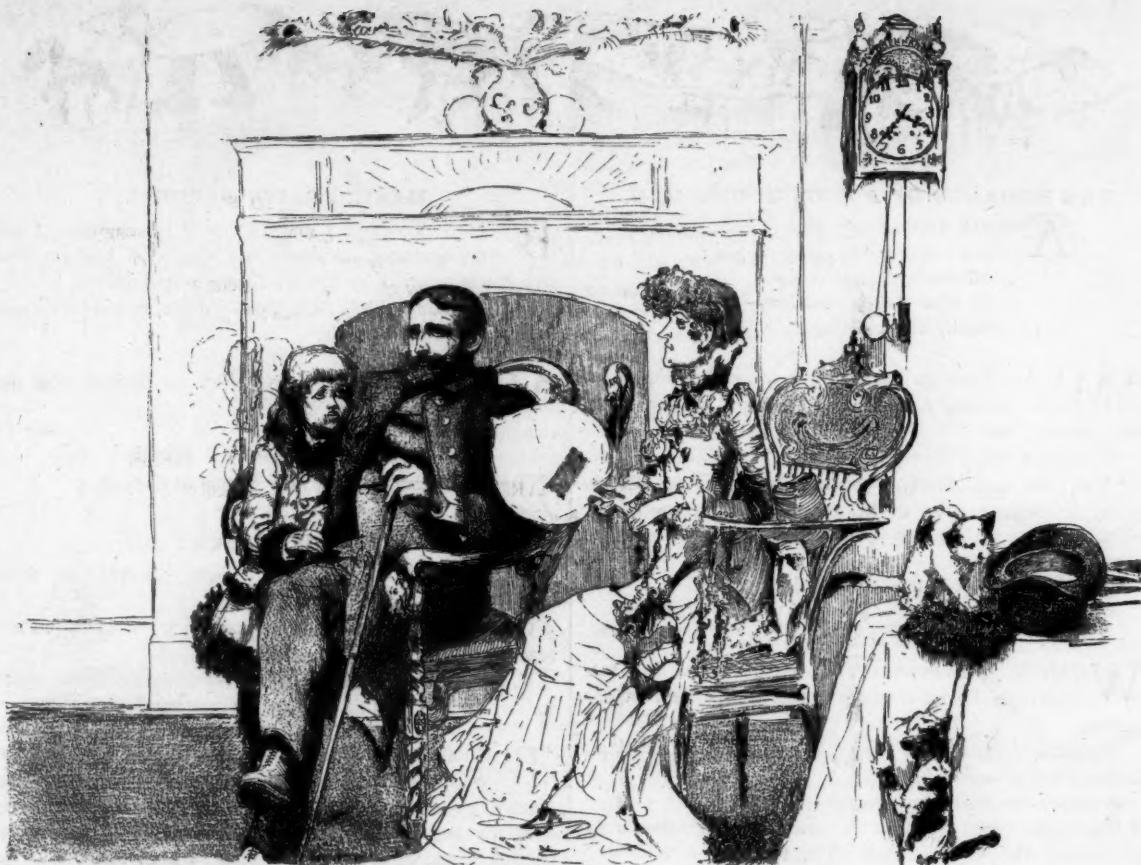
HAIL to Midshipman Braganza, of Brazil. LIFE has not the advantage of knowing his Christian name, but understands that he is a prince, and the descendant of our old friend Dom Pedro. To say that New York is as glad to see him as if he were Wm. Moloney is perhaps to exaggerate, but that he is very welcome is beyond question.

MUCH comment upon contemporary journalism has been stirred by the enterprise of the newspapers in getting all the news about the President's wedding and honeymoon. And a great deal of it is the reverse of complimentary. The pursuit of the newly-married to Deer Park and the dispatches sent from there have been censured in very explicit language by several of our immediate contemporaries, who have not hesitated to say that Western journalism had become epidemic in New York.

A SPORADIC instance of a kindred affection is reported from Ithaca. Editor Fitch, of Rochester, has just finished a course of lectures on journalism at Cornell University, which have excited interest and have been heard with close attention. How much the Cornell students have profited by their advantages is apparent from the fact that the *Cornellian*, an annual undergraduate publication, which appeared last week, is so brisk in its tone and so full of contemporaneous interest, that the faculty are in doubt whether or not to expel the board of editors. It is a great advantage to have a real editor to teach journalism.

HARVARD College is papering dead walls with the announcement of the celebration of her 250th anniversary. It comes in November and the bones of Cotton Mather are being articulated for the occasion. No show this year is complete without a Jumbo's skeleton.

WHY did Minister Winston resign? Was he disappointed about his court clothes; or is it true that his lady love proved recreant? It is a great disadvantage to our country not to be represented at the Court of the Shah by Winston. There was nothing to do there and he was just the man to do it. But even in resigning he serves a useful purpose, since he sets an example to General Shaler.



FIRST LESSONS.

Papa: YES, GOD MADE EVERYTHING; THE STARS, THE FLOWERS, THE LITTLE LAMBS, THE BUTTERFLIES, THE BUDS—EVERYTHING.

Daughter: AND DID HE MAKE AUNTIE'S CLOTHES?

TOO HORRIBLE.

THE tone of certain of our contemporaries gives color to the rumor that President Cleveland had the effrontery to think of marriage without consulting the editors of the *Sun* and *Tribune*. It is almost too sickening to believe. The brutality of the President's behavior is in startling contrast with the delicacy of the New York editor.

SEEING THE SIGHTS.

MRS. WALDO (of Boston): How would you like to visit the Institute of Technology, Cicely?

Cicely (a guest from Chicago): Oh, Aunt Penelope, you must stay close by me; but I know I shall be frightened. Are there many confined there?

FROM THE SEA SHORE.

POLITE but absent-minded bather (to friend up to his neck in water): Ah, Jones, very glad to see you. Won't you sit down?

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE MICE AND THE CAT.

A NUMBER of Mice once held a convention for the purpose of adopting means of defence against a Cat that was making herself very pervasive in the neighborhood, and finally decided to put a bell on the monster. A committee appointed for the purpose straightway put a brass bell on the Cat while she was taking an evening nap. But thereafter the sound of the bell was so terrifying that no mouse could sleep when the cat was anywhere in the vicinity, even when there was no real danger; and, finally, the alarm became so general that the neighborhood was entirely cleared of mice, and the Cat held possession of the field.

MORAL: This Fable teaches that an inventor, in devising a new kind of cannon, should make allowance for recoil and back-action.

BE what you seem to be, unless you are an actor taking the part of a crank.



THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.

A YOUNG fellow quite fond of champagne,
 Could a case or two easily dragne;
 But the barkeepers knew
 That his shekels were few—
 So he generally had to abstagne.

“MY dear,” said an anxious wife to her husband, who is running for office, “we must economize in every possible way.”

“I do economize,” he replied.

“Yes,” she said, bitterly, “you spend ten or fifteen dollars a day in treating a lot of bar-room loafers to beer and whisky just to get them to vote for you. Do you call that economy?”

“Certainly; that’s political economy.”

NOT A HOME RUN.

WOMAN (to magistrate): Me husband has left me, sorr, an’ I want to make a charge agin him for desertion.

Magistrate: That is the proper course to pursue, madam. Is he your first husband?

Woman: No, sorr; he is my third.

Magistrate (who spends his afternoons at the Polo Grounds): Ah, yes, I see; got left on third.



QUESTION.

Officer: HYUR, MISTHER, DOGS NOT 'LOWED AT LARGE.
 Algernon (with some feeling): HE'S NAWT AT LAWGE, SAH!
 DON'T YOU SEE I HAVE HOLD OF HIM?

MAKING RAPID STRIDES.

BOSTON YOUNG LADY (visiting in Chicago): I am very agreeably surprised in Chicago. I had no idea that it was a city of so much refinement and culture.

Chicago Young Lady: Oh, yes; we are making Chicago a very dizzy place for cult.

MAY the profits of a crematory be derived from its gross urnings?

FOREIGN MARKET NOTE.

EARLY tomatoes may now be had in Cannes.

AT THE MARKET.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER (timidly): I will take some lamb to-day.

Obsequious Butcher: Will you have a four quarter, madam?

Y. H. (with more assurance): I think that is rather much for our family. I'll take a three quarter.

THE Paris *Siecle* notes with pride that a French-Canadian grandmother recently died leaving 519 children and children's children. From this, our contemporary avers, it is seen that before many years “all of Canada and the north-eastern provinces of the United States will be French.”

We hope this will include New York State. A Board of Aldermen composed of Irishmen with French grandmothers would be an innovation most welcome.

FRIEND (to ex-Alderman): Your trial comes off very soon, now, does n't it?

Ex-Alderman: Yes.

Friend: Well, what do you expect to do?

Ex-Alderman: I do n't know. I may plead guilty or I may bring suit for libel. I can't tell yet.

THAT villa at Sing Sing seems to be growing in favor as a resort for New York celebrities. Messrs. Fish, Ward, Jaehne and Buddensiek are so delighted with it that their friends are unable to get them away. Such is fashion.

How surprising! The other Aldermen have fled and we only gave them three weeks' notice.

FORCE OF HABIT IN A MILITARY GOVERNMENT.

A FRENCH newspaper gives the following item of news: “An eruption of Mount Aetna is deemed inevitable. Troops have been sent to the spot with orders to quell all disturbances.”



THE MODERN MOTHER.

“WILLFUL girl! when princes wed
Of love and faith is nothing said,

They do not talk of love divine,
But choose a mate to help their line.

And why have you that charming face
If not to aid your needy race?

Were you enriched with arms so white

And eyes so full of liquid light,
Or with that figure's rounded grace,

So fit to match thy queenly face,—

Did Fortune give you all these charms

To waste in some poor lover's arms?

Go marry money while you may,

Many a millionaire will pay

A princely price, and buy with joy

So pleasing and so rare a toy.”

The daughter does as she is told
And brings much money when she's sold,
And though her face is sometimes sad
Her kindred now are sleek and glad.

F. S. Palmer.



THE CHUM IN ITALY.

YOUR Special Correspondent and
Chum to the Potentates is now
taking a triumphal tour through Italy
with Umberto. The first reception of
note tendered the Royal Party, as Um-

berto and I call ourselves, he being the Royal and I the Party, was at Venice, where the Board of Doges handed me the Freedom of the Flood, in a gilt repoussé box. It was set in diamonds, and consisted chiefly of a free pass to a Mosaic Manufactory and ten per cent. discount on my Gondola fees. Umberto, fortunately for my purse, gave me a hint in regard to the Mosaic Manufactory, which was that I had best beware of all such devices. It costs nothing to get in on a free pass, but it generally renders a man bankrupt to get out.

The morning after our arrival in Venice I missed the King on waking. My first thought was that he had been charmed with the cheque suit that I invariably wear on state occasions and had made away with it; but an examination of the throne, upon which I had hung my clothes before retiring, showed that my suspicions were unjust. As a rule, it is not wise to trust the Italians too far; but all travelers may feel certain of one thing—that there is no reason why one's wearing apparel should not be left within reach of the most unscrupulous king. I have invariably found this to be the case.

On dressing for the day, I walked to the window overlooking the Grand Canal, and there on the front stoop stood the King, with his crown full of bait and a fishing-pole in his hand.

“Ah! there, Kingo!” I cried, “what are you doing on the stoop?”

His reply, while audible and comprehensible to me, would not be so to your readers. In effect, he was catching the first course of a State Banquet to be given that evening in my honor.

At noon Umberto challenged me to a swim in the Grand Canal, from the Rialto to the Dogana di Mare and back. I had no bathing suit and had to decline. The King offered me one of Victor Emanuel's ex-swimming costumes, but the weight of the gold lace on it sent me

plump to the bottom, and it was long after dark before I was dredged out again, so that the race had to be given up.

In the course of my resuscitation Umberto, as became a Royal Host, kept me company after the barrel rolling was over and the work of building up the dampened system began. We were both resuscitated to such a degree that after a while there were four of me and three of Umberto, which enabled me, after a long and solemn consultation with the King, to depose him and declare myself monarch, after which we retired. As I forgot to take off my diadem before retiring, it was proved to my satisfaction that uneasy lies the head that wears the crown, and Umberto, who had omitted a like formality with his boots, observed the same thing at the other extreme.

The Doges were so shocked at our behavior that the Government and I left Venice the next morning and are now engaged in coloring ancient Rome.

Carlyle Smith.

POST-MORTEM LUXURIES.

THE “Cremation Company, Limited,” of Milan, boasts that the finest views of the snow-capped Alps in the city are to be seen from its establishment.

As the business of the company is increasing it is to be presumed that there is considerable comfort to be derived from gazing on a snow-capped Alp while undergoing incineration.

OF COURSE.

WE sympathize much more with a murderer than we do with a suicide. We can understand a man's desire to take another's LIFE, but to voluntarily deprive one's self of it is past comprehension.

\$5 per annum.



"OLD SALEM" AND OTHER BOOKS.

TO remember her whom readers of the *Atlantic* knew as Eleanor Putnam by the little volume which her husband, Arlo Bates, has prepared under the title "Old Salem," is a pleasure filled with regret. The loving hand, the delicate and sympathetic touch, the fond memory and the affectionate woman, all shine softly and clearly in these pages. Nothing is here that is even suggestive of a harsh world. The fine old gentlewomen who keep store or teach private school are not satirized, but kindly sketched with gentle humor, as though they made the world better with their innocent eccentricities. One recognizes them directly as the towns-women of the tender-hearted, yet proud, *Hepzibah*, who sold Jim Crows in the "House of the Seven Gables."

Eleanor Putnam had that rare poetic temperament which is sensitive to color, odor and the mild emotions which make the pleasure or heartache of life on the quiet, provincial level. It is only from such truthful interpretations that the man or woman who leads a stirring, active existence can learn how beautiful and how complete may be the colorless years of an eventless life.

These sketches are but fragments of a design which would have been a delight to the lovers of good literature when completed. "But to this and to all death made an end." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

MR. HOWELLS is to be congratulated on producing in "Indian Summer" what he has been pleased to call the "effect of contemporaneousness" in an unusual and unexpected degree. It is a remarkable coincidence that the trio of characters which were the charm of that deft novel should find their counterparts in the presidential romance which has so interested the public of late.

But Mr. Howells, as a stern realistic, insisted on an unromantic ending for his story, and the beautiful Buffalo girl did not wed the handsome, middle-aged Mugwump. The reasoning of Mr. Howells was no doubt perfectly correct, but the White House wedding teaches that even in these days there is more of romance in the practical world than Mr. Howells is willing to admit.

This administration is opposed to the Boston novel. On

this plank LIFE will support President Cleveland for a second term.

A WORTHY companion volume to "The Life of a Prig" is the "Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton, B.A." (Henry Holt & Co.) The deeper side of an introspective life is presented in the latter book. One despises the prig, but has keen sympathy with the intellectual experiences of Arthur Hamilton. The tragedy of it is most pathetic, resembling strikingly that of "Amiel's Journal." Here again do fiction and reality show a strange similarity.

Since deeds everywhere spring from thoughts, why should we marvel that some men do what others only dream?

Droch.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for June opens with a very interesting piece of fiction, entitled: "The United States Navy."

• NEW BOOKS •

LABOR AND CAPITAL ARE ONE. By Elliott F. Sl.

Dr. Claudius. By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan's Summer Reading Series.

"Bietigheim." 1891. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

QUIPS FROM CONWAY.

"CALLED BACK."

The man who runs on a "foul."

"IN ONE 'SHORT' YEAR."

A lot of unreceipted bills.

"A SPECULATIVE SPIRIT."

The Djinn in a broker's cocktail.

"FLEURETTE."

Yesterday's cauliflower.

DON'T think that a girl loves you just because you may happen to love her.

A PROPOSITION TO LICENSE BABY CARRIAGES.

THE question must have often suggested itself to the thinking and feeling public why there is so much restraint put upon the reckless actions of baby carriages. It is a crying shame—at least part of it is, most of the time—and why, in the name of justice, an inoffensive and law-abiding masculine citizen should be subjected, helplessly, to torn and dirtied trousers and lacerated shins, merely for



BRANDIED CHERRIES!



QUEER.



ECSTASY.



UGH!



NEXT MORNING.

the sake of the afternoon amusement of a foreign nurse girl, is a question, the answer for which you may inquire for in vain among all the bachelors of this great Union.

Justice is a lady, and she is probably fond of babies, and likes to see them out in the fresh air and bright sunshine; but it is for the protection of the babies as well as the men that our law-makers should look after the wanton baby carriage. The baby often does not come out unscathed from the collision. A fat man, upon running suddenly against a baby carriage, is pretty sure to be thrown forward by his own momentum on top of the baby; and it is dangerous as well as unpleasant, when you are lying on your back in a relaxed position, to have a fat man fall on you. Sometimes the carriage is upset and the baby hits its head on the hard sidewalk—for it is a well-known fact that babies always fall on their heads if they have half a chance. Quick-tempered men, in the agony of the moment, have even been known to kick baby carriages over into the gutter.

Even the most fortunate baby becomes accustomed to a continual flow of bad language from repeated collisions, and will be sure to swear at an early age.

Above all, it is destructive to that virtuous simplicity which is the insurance policy of every great nation for the coming generation to grow up in carriages. When they are older they will all want four-in-hands and steam yachts.

Now, by compelling every baby carriage to buy a license and have a number painted on it, we cannot expect to do away with them altogether, but the system would afford many forms of relief.

A maimed person would have an easy means of redress. He would have a lien upon the baby and carriage, and could sell them at public auction. At present it is impossible to distinguish one baby carriage from another. To the ordinary eye a hundred babies' faces do not show any more marked points of difference than the historic peas in the same pod; and the maids are invariably French and speak with a brogue. If the driver of a truck or cab is careless, it is easy to take his number and report him at the nearest police station, but the most drunken and reckless of cabmen are as cautious compared to a nurse with a baby carriage, when some policeman is in sight.

Baby carriages could be restricted to unfrequented side-streets where there are few people to hit and no attractive shop windows to absorb the maids' attention.

Perhaps they could be compelled to keep in the middle of the street. The rag-picker has to, and she does not take up half as much room. So does the slender and careful bicycle.

It is a pity that this subject was not mentioned in the platform of either party this fall, but it is not yet too late. Let our humane legislators declare themselves openly and fearlessly for a high license for baby carriages and they can cease to trouble themselves over petty quibbles about party principles, honest government and Civil Service Reform. Let them trust the bachelors of the State to recognize and reward the man who has the real, practical welfare of the voters at heart.

C. R. H.



WHERE IS HARRY? CAN ANYTHING HAVE HAPPENED?



NO. ONLY THIS.

PETER PREPARING FOR FESTIVITIES.

"PETAH, whut yo' gwine do wif dat razah—humph?"
"Spec's I'se gwine t' sha'pen dat razah. Doan' yo' see no mo' out'n dem ole peepe's ob yo'n?"

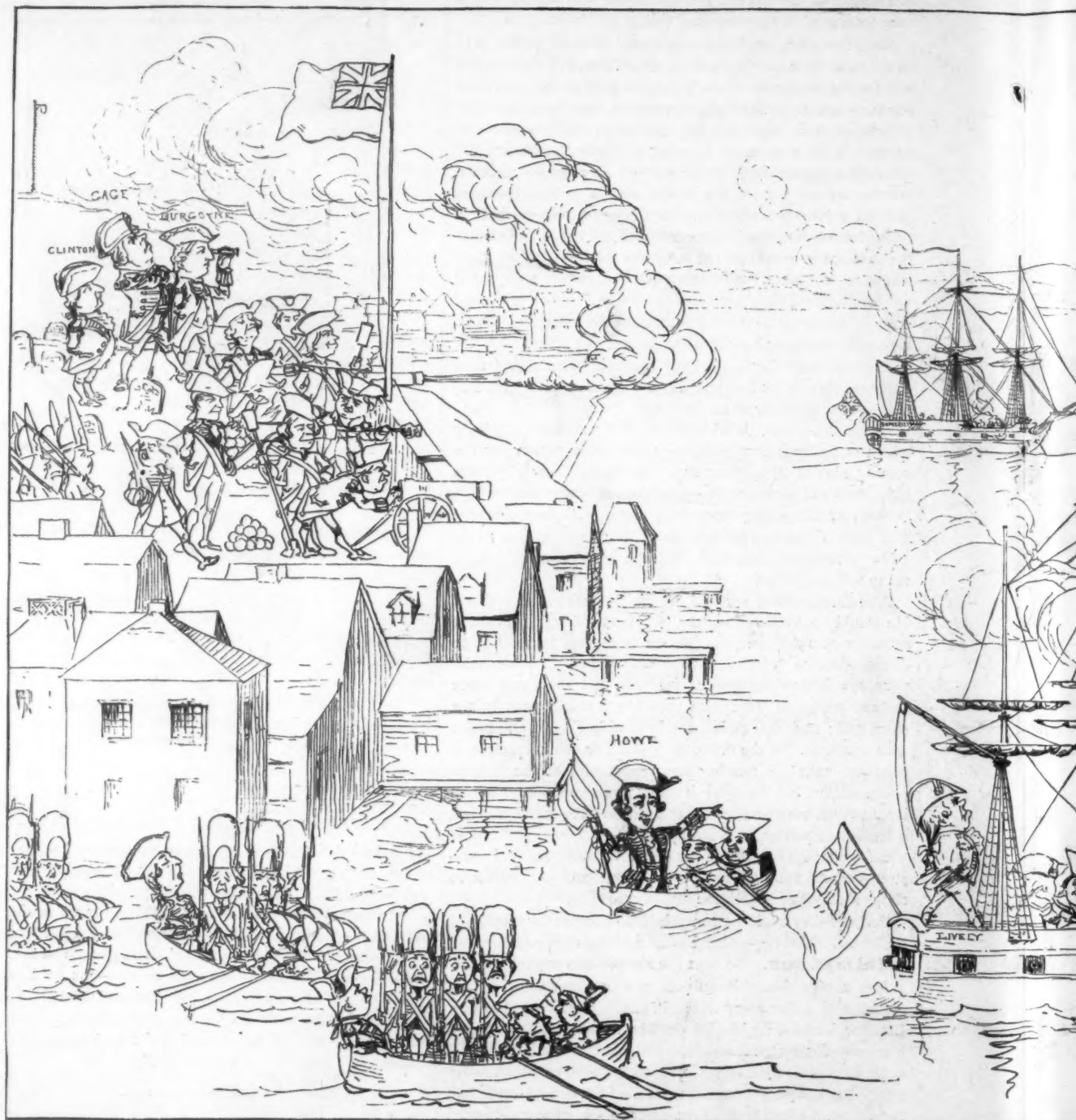
"G'way, Petah! Wha' fur? Wha' fur yo' a-sha'p'n'n dat razah—humph? Yo' done got no bea'd, chile!"

"G'way yo'se'f, ole man; yo' done got no sensè! De Baptis' chu'ch fai' am a-hold'n dis eb'n'n—düz yo' know dat much? An' dat upstaht niggah bahbe's agwine—yo' un'-stan'? An' dat yalle' gal dat tuk up wif dat upstaht niggah am agwine—düz yo' hea-h me? An' I'se agwine, an' dis yer razah, she's agwine. G'way yo'se'f."

B. Zim.

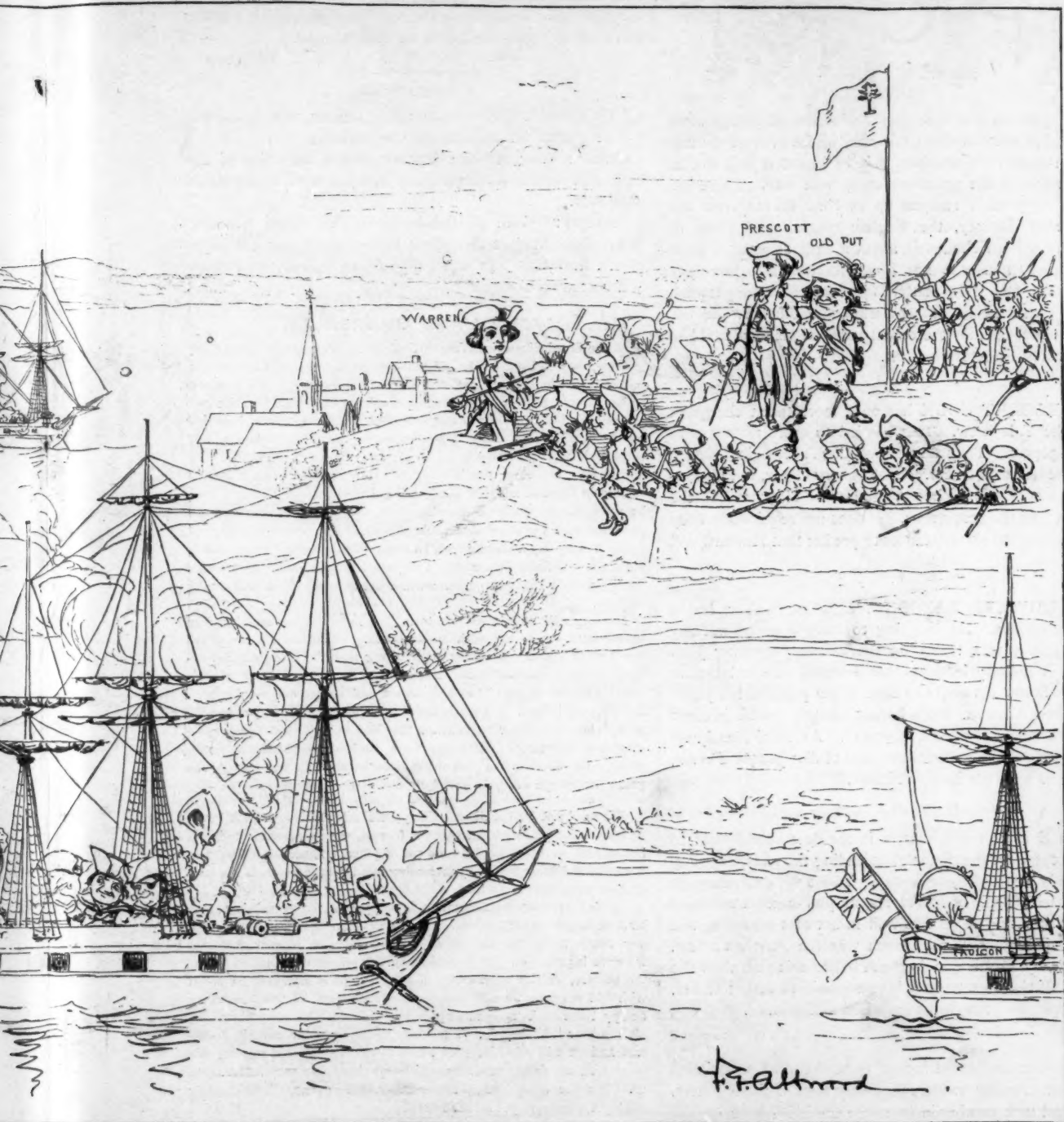
NEVER tell a West Pointer that "cadet" is the diminutive of "cad."

ONE KIND OF EGG PLANT—A chicken farm.



June 17, 17

STUPENDOUS HISTORICAL WORK. OPENING OF



2^e 17, 1775.

OPENING OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.



THE question now agitating the breasts of college men, and likewise of those fair ones whose interest centres in college matters, is whether Yale or Harvard will win at New London in the great university boat race. There has been all sorts of a rumpus up at New Haven over the discharge of Chainey, the English coach. All kinds of reports have been circulated about it, and, as usual, a great deal of sorry nonsense has found its way into the daily papers. The fact of the matter is just this: Chainey trained the crew for six weeks, at \$25 a train, and the crew did not improve. Mr. Chainey thereupon received his dismissal like any other unsatisfactory servant.

* * *

MR. ROBERT COOK has once more taken charge of the Yale crew. This has led to more nonsense in the daily papers. They talk about Cook's bringing victory out of the heart of defeat. Cook is very clever, but he cannot train a poor crew to beat a good one. Harvard has the best men and the best stroke. It does not require any deep sagacity under the circumstances to predict that Harvard will win the race.

* * *

MR. EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, walker, has a new idea. He is going to have a grand military walking match at a resort on the Sound, beginning June 21st. This military business has a smack of charlatanism about it. Some one ought to arise in the pride of his youth and suppress Weston. He is honest enough, but his intellect would not suffice to steer a mosquito. As *Dick Deadeye*—heaven forgive me the chestnut—said of *Sir Joseph Porter*, "He means well, but he do n't know."

* * *

THERE is so much interest in the new yachts built to compete for the honor of defending the *America's* cup that little is heard of the *Puritan*. Those who do not want to be on the left side of affairs should pull up a bit and consider. A yacht never sails as well in her first season as she does in her second. Last season was the *Puritan's* first. She ought, by all rules, to do much better this year than she did last. If she does what it is reasonable to expect of her, some people are going to be surprised and grieved.

* * *

LAST year she proved herself to be the most remarkable boat at going to windward ever seen in these waters. On the first tack coming in from the Cholera Banks on the last day's race she outfooted the *Genesta* and crossed her bows inside of three miles. It was blowing forty-seven miles an hour at the time, a wind which was decidedly in the

Genesta's favor. It was all the tug *Luckenbach* could do to keep ahead of the *Puritan* after she had laid her course for the lightship. I cannot do the readers of this paper a better service than to bid them look for the *Puritan*.

Tricotrin.

A SURPRISE.

STRANGER (visiting city): Say, mister, what 's that ere big stone buildin', an orphan asylum?

Citizen: Why, no, my dear sir, that 's the office of the daily and weekly *Givemfists*, just erected with accumulated dividends.

Stranger: Gosh all fish-hooks! The deuce you say. Why, I got mad at the editor and stopped that ere paper mor'n five years ago, and supposed of course the consarn had busted up and quit.

WOMEN AND UMBRELLAS.

I AM a firm believer in Woman Suffrage. Women preachers edify me, women lecturers delight me, women doctors thrill me, women telephone clerks enchant me, and women barbers are to me a source of fifteen-cent joy. Woman's rights should be respected. In the pulpit and in tights, before the bar and behind it, woman must have her place. Against one thing, however, in the name of humanity and eyeballs, I must protest—the right of women to carry umbrellas. To the maniac who never goes out in a rain storm (except when it may be raining in London and dry here) this may seem absurd; it may even be the unhappy cause of illumining the face of some drum-brained pessimist with a smile—but sensible democrats will agree with me.

On a rainy day a woman with an umbrella is a terror; on a drizzly night she is a fiend incarnate. This innocent and useful contrivance once placed in the grasp of a woman becomes a hideous and deadly weapon.

In every well appointed rainstorm you may observe that sheolian combination—a woman with an umbrella. Unmindful of aught but her Sunday bonnet, she rushes madly along with the rain-protector before her face. She knows not, neither does she care, who or what is before her; but is, alas! too well aware that undisputed monopoly of the sidewalk is hers. Presently the victim appears. He is a misguided mortal, laboring under the delusion that he has rights on the street—women or no women. Harmlessly, aye, aimlessly perchance, he comes along. He perceives the woman's approach but does not leap in the gutter, or plunge wildly in a friendly doorway. They meet—

We need not further discuss this painful scene. It is enough for us to know that as the victim takes a free ambulance ride and finds his left optic demolished and his nose out of place, he becomes a firm supporter of that large and daily increasing band, whose object in life is to prevent women from wielding umbrellas.

In view of these appalling facts it is apparent that something must be done to put down this evil. As has been intimated, it is not with any desire to restrict the rights and pleasures of women that this measure is proposed. If it pleases the fair sex to wear a high hat at the theatre, we can overlook it; if they delight in knocking us down with kid wagons, we will tumble unmurmuring; if they desire to occupy twice their legitimate space by means of the rampant bustle, we can bear it if they do. They may monopolize the seats in horse-cars and we will stand it; aye! let them again sport that trap for unwary feet, the flamboyant hoop-skirt—all these they may inflict upon us. But the eye-gouging, rib-breaking, ear-ripping, cheek-digging umbrella women must and shall drop.

V. H.

TIP-CAL MEN—Waiters.

SELDOM GETS LEFT ON A COLD DAY—Ice.

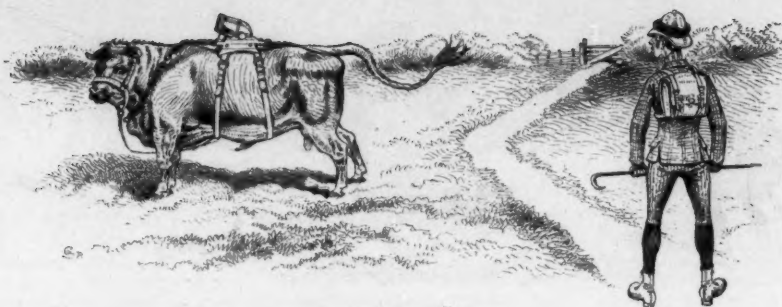


FIGURE 1. THE TEN-ACRE PERIL.



THE AUTOMATIC BULL-CATCHER.

"Sisters, beware the cowardly bully of the field! His butt is worse than his bite."

Madame de Staël.

SPAIN has her bull fights—America, her bull fights. The Spaniards, being skilled bovine manipulators, are able to hustle the bull; but in this land the bull-chased brotherhood, being amateurs, are obliged to let the bull do the hustling.

The Yankee, therefore, being unable to successfully contend with

How, then, can man be guarded?

An invention, just patented, will remedy this ten-acre peril; and henceforth man may with impunity meet his bovine bully in meadows where protecting fences are unknown.

THE APPARATUS.

On the back of the bull the owner straps a small mortar; and in this gun, which is kept properly loaded, is placed a small grapnel and a stout connected rope. Observe that, when the bull rushes at the man, this mortar shoots the grapnel into space, the rope uncoiling as the iron prong flies through the air. (See Fig. 3.) The grapnel in a second drops to the ground, one of the flukes catches in the soft sod, and, presto! the charging bull is brought to a short stop. (See Fig. 4.) Then the rescued man strolls off leisurely, or mayhap seats himself near the anchored and harmless brute, takes out a *Herald* and languidly cons the "personals." If an artist he can sketch the brute at the most favorable moment. (See Fig. 5.)



FIGURE 2.

this animal, it follows that he should be protected, by some outside agent, from a foe who always delights in taking a cowardly, or more properly, a bullying advantage.

Heretofore in America the fence and stone wall have been man's bulwark against bull invasions. Man, however, cannot carry about with him the protecting stone wall; nor have ready, in his trousers' pocket, a picket fence; therefore, when he is in the country he is bound, sooner or later, to meet a bull far from either—say in the centre of a ten-acre lot, where the brute can carry on his operations unchecked.

"But," says some one, "who fires the gun which accomplishes all this?"

Unscientific reader, are you not aware that there is such a thing as spontaneous combustion? And do you not know that heat causes the same?

Very well! The heat generated by the rapid action of the bull finds its way to the powder in that mortar; thus the gun is fired, and the grapnel shot into space.

For the women, who are specially persecuted by the cow's brother,

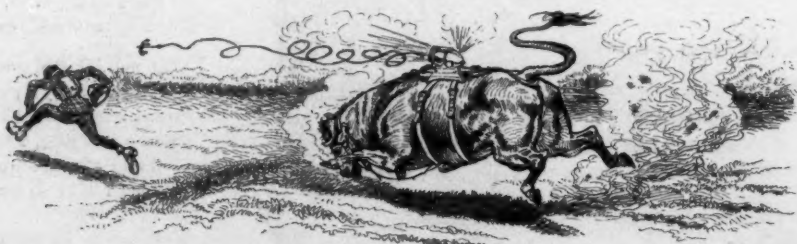


FIGURE 3.



FIGURE 4.

another invention will furnish them with an additional safeguard. The new article is called "the Balloon Bonnet." Its crown is simply a silk balloon collapsed, so as to form a very pretty turban. At the back is an alcohol sponge, daintily trimmed with point lace; and at the approach

of the brute the spirit is ignited; the bonnet, under the effect of the gas thereby generated, expands into a balloon; and the woman is lifted into space just as her enemy's horns approach her.

Wallace Peck.

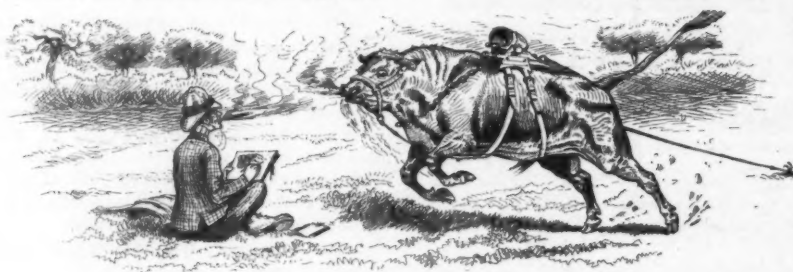


FIGURE 5.

SYMPATHY WITH NATURE.

YOUNG POET: Nature, in all her moods, is alluring, but to me the autumn is the crown of the year.

She (in lingering tones of intense appreciation): Oh, *yes!* And then all the engagements come out.

THE INFANT CLASS.

TEACHER: Jessie, can you tell me what it is that a cat has that no other animal has?

Jessie: Fur.

Teacher: Wrong. Carrie, what is it?

Carrie: I do n't know, ma'am.

Little Ethel (holding up her hand): Please, ma'am, I know.

Teacher: Well, Ethel, what is it?

Ethel: Kittens.

FROM THE FRENCH.

MR. X. is a terrible coquet. Yesterday he found himself suffering very.

"Is it necessary to send to search a doctor.

"No" said he, "I do not feel myself well enough to see him."

ELASTIC is best on the home stretch.



FIGURE 6.
SHOWING THE BALLOON BONNET IN OPERATION.

MY MISTAKE.

I STOLE just one kiss,
But made quite a miss,
Because I did n't take two;
For the next time I tried,
She stood on her pride,
And told me it never would do.

I tried it once more,
As I stood at the door,
And was bidding a fervent good-bye;
But she tossed back her head,
And coquettishly said,
"I guess you had better not try."

So the next time I called,
And the next, and the next,
I made every effort in vain;
Till at last in despair,
I made up my mind,
That I never would try it again.

But to think that one kiss
Was the sum of my bliss,
When I might have had dozens instead;
So the next time, I swear,
I'll take all there are there,
And then I'll be so much ahead.

A. S. Kimball.

BOUND OUT TO SERVICE—Going to church.



A LESSON IN PRONUNCIATION.

"MR. FEATHERLY," said Bobby at the dinner table, "how do you pronounce d-o?"
 "Do, Bobby," replied Mr. Featherly, indulgently.
 "How do you pronounce d-e-w?"
 "D-u-u-e-w," and here Mr. Featherly put on a genteel air for the benefit of Bobby's big sister.
 "Well, then, how would you pronounce the second day of the week?"
 "Tewsday, I think."
 "You're wrong."
 "Wrong? How would you pronounce the second day of the week?"
 "Monday."—*New York Times*.

TAKING BIG CHANCES.

COACH to college athlete: Your muscles seem soft and your whole system needs toning up. Are you drinking anything?
 College Athlete: Not a drop.
 Coach: Smoking to excess?
 College Athlete: No.
 Coach: Studying?
 College Athlete: Er—yes, a little.
 Coach (indignantly): Great heavens, man, do you want to lose the race?—*New York Sun*.

ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF.

"CAN you conceive," asked the professor, "an eternal vacuum, a portion of space unoccupied, an empty void into which nothing ever enters, from which nothing can ever come, which maintains inviolate and forever its own eternal emptiness?" "I can," replied the student; "I have a stylographic pen."—*Philadelphia News*.

PRESSURE OF HARD TIMES.

"SHALL I vind the clock, fadder?" asked young Jacob Isaacstein, as they were about to close the store.
 "No," said the old gentleman with a sigh, "pizness vas too pad. Choost let it alone, Jacob, und ve vill save the year and tear on the veels."—*New York Times*.

WHERE HE DREW THE LINE.

"ARE you a Christian, young man?" asked a melancholy missionary of a bystander whom he thought might prove a hopeful case.
 "Oh! dear, no," was the cheerful reply; "I'm a choir singer."—*Chicago News*.

THE colporteur had crossed over the line into Kentucky without knowing it, and as he entered the tavern with a handful of tracts he said:

"Gentlemen, may I ask you to—" and every gentleman then and there arose from his chair, took his quid from his mouth and cast it behind the stove, and sauntering briskly toward the carpenter shop, said:

"Thanks, do n't care if I do."

And then, seeing he was in Kentucky, the colporteur "jined the gentlemen."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

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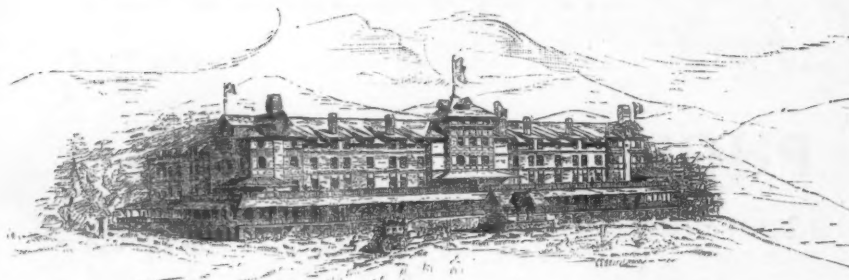
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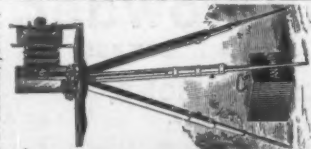
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"Yes, mamma," whispered Paul on his return, "he is all asleep but his nose."—*The Sun*.

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Irish Waiter: No, sur, not wan of thim; some is Comanches an' some is Episcopalians.
—*Texas Siftings*.

A PHILADELPHIA gentleman, after being shown about the city by a citizen of the Hub, said to his chaperon:

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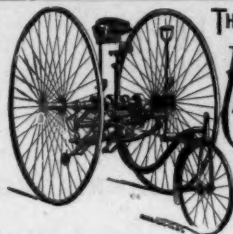
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